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BRAND WHITLOCK IN HIS NEW ROLE



Brand Whitlock, the new American minister, is now settled in the new legation at the end of Rue Belliard, one of the best residential streets in Brussels, and very suitable for a permanent home for representatives of the United States.

Before Mr. Whitlock became a full-fledged diplomat he was mayor of Toledo four terms, succeeding "Golden Rule" Jones as the friend of the people; before that he was a successful lawyer, and is an author of note.

Hugh S. Gibson has begun his work as secretary of legation at Brussels, to which position he was promoted from secretary of legation in Cuba, previous to which he had been second secretary to the American embassy in London and secretary of legation in Honduras.

Col. John S. Parke has gone to Washington, having finished his term as military attache. Belgians deeply regret having to lose him, as he and his wife have been very popular on account of their charming hospitality.

Ira Nelson Morris of Chicago, who came here from Rome after having completed his labors as the Panama exposition's special commissioner to Itsly, was so impressed with the Congo exhibition here that he obtained promises that a fine Congo section shall be set up in San Francisco.

COMES OF NAVAL STOCK

Charles Johnstone Badger, in command of the fleet at Vera Cruz, was born in Rockville, Md., on August 6, 1853. He was the son of Commodore Oscar Charles Badger and Margaret M. Badger. An appointment at large to Annapolis was given the present rear admiral by President Grant in 1869, and four years later the young sallor graduated with the title of midshipman.

In July, 1874, he was commissloned an ensign, was given the title of master in November, 1879, and was raised to the rank of lieutenant (junior grade) in 1883. In 1886 he became a lieutenant. From September, 1873, until July, 1875, he was aboard the Narragansett, engaged in making a survey of the Gulf of California, and from October, 1875, until December, 1875, he was on duty at the navy

yard in Washington. He then was transferred to the torpedo boat Alarm for six months, then to the Asiatic station, with the Ashuelot, Alert, Monocacy, and Monon-

gahela, and in December, 1879, was assigned to special duty with the bureau He then spent some time with the coast survey steamers Endeavor and

A. D. Bache, and was switched to the Yantic on the north Atlantic station. In October, 1882, he was on duty at the Boston navy yard, and then was ordered to the fish commission steamer Fish Hawk.

Perhaps the most dramatic part of his career was that of taking part in of vantage behind a large leptosper-Schley's relief expedition to find Greely, who was lost somewhere near the mum, to watch the burlesque, for I North pole. Badger was the executive and navigating officer of the Alert, being second in command.

He was in command of the naval forces on the water front in San Francisco during the earthquake, and helped the stricken city greatly by my neighbor started the attack. "Your aiding in the transfer of naval supplies.

ONE BY SENATOR WALSH



Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Mon tana hails from a big country, and one of the few in which the Indian is still remaining on reservations. In his state are what are thought to be the flercest of the redskin tribes, the Chevennes, while another famous agency is that of the Rosebud Indians. From a grazing state, over which once roamed immense herds of cattle, this country is rapidly becoming agricultural.

In such a prosperous community there is always plenty of work to be found, but the senator tells a story of a man out his way who did his work vicariously. Jim Jones was a ne'er-dowell; loafing his principal occupation and sponging on others his only industry. He never displayed any energy except at meals.

His brother did most of the sup-Jim lounged about, grouching at his hard luck. Then one day he met the on her hips, and, with arms akimbo, senator and a smile as bright as a new engagement ring illuminated his laughed uproariously.

'hy, Jim, you seem happy!" exclaimed the senator. "What's the glad Must have had some good luck come your way."

MRS. JOHN LIND, WOMAN OF THE WEST

Among women of today a personity of particular interest is that of frs. John Lind, wife of President Wilson's recent envoy to Mexico. Mrs. Lind accompanied her husband on his diplomatic mission into that country, and with him spent several months in the city, which is now a center of interest in the world.

rotten a new fob!

Before her mar 'age Mrs. Lind was Miss Alice Sheperd. She comes of old Pilgrim stock, her ancestors having come over to America in the days of the Mayflower. The Rev. Thomas Poletiah Sheperd, one of her forefathers, was many generations ago one of the pastors in the early American colony. Another built the first boat that ever plowed the waves of Lake Erie.

Mrs. Lind herself was born in Wisconsin. The spirit of the West permeates her tastes in large degree. She loves the freedom of outdoor life, delights in fine horses, and is a good

rider and expert swimmer. In talking with Mrs. Lind one realizes that it is probably to her athletic tendencies that she owes her clear complexion and her splendid health. She is the mother of two boys and two girls, but has retained her youthfulness to a remarkable degree.

Mrs. Lind says that she has no hobbies, unless they are her husband and children. She loves politics, but she has never had a desire to take active part in it. She says she may be old-fashioned, but that she prefers being

behind the throne rather than on it. When her husband was governor of Minnesota, she was perhaps more interested in legislation and in problems of state and municipal government than in he discharge of the social duties that usually constitute a wife's part in a career of a husband who is in public life. Mrs. Lind has always been in seted, too, in sociological problems, and for a long time she worked as a life visitor for the Associated Charities in her town.

By F. H. MASON.

"For goodness sakes! If that old Mexican cow ain't been and gone and et my glory-de-John rose."

I looked up from my gardening and saw my next door neighbor-usually the most aimiable of women-literally shaking with indignation, on her front porch, while a cow was on the grass plot below, contentedly munching the last of the Gloire de Dijon.

Mrs. Farleigh took a pot containing a small, withered palm from the porch rail, heaved it at the cow, and exclaimed: "Drat the beast!"

The pot broke innocently some way fasm the cow, and the animal went over to it and examined the palm. It was too dry for her taste, however. She evidently preferred sweet, succulent rose bushes. "Shoo!" Mrs. Farleigh followed the

her apron vigorously as she went. The cow walked leisurely away, notwithstanding the pleces of broken flower pot that my neighbor sent after it. "Ain't that the limit?" I had intended to keep out of the

exclamation down the steps, shaking

controversy, and had busied myself behind a hakea, but a hakea forms a poor shelter, and this last remark was evidently intended for me.

"It's hard," I replied sympathetically. Of course I said just the wrong thing. Anything I might have replied would have been wrong to one in Mrs. Farleigh's mood.

"Hard! Hard!" she shouted in disgust. "I wasn't thinking of the cow's digestion. It's my glory-de-John rose that worries me. I've tended it all winter, like a mother, and it was just coming into bloom. Them Mexicans have no right to keep cows in a re-

spectable neighborhood.' The Mexican was a bete noir to the neighbors. He had arrived recently, and bought four lots. On these he was keeping half a dozen cows, and running a small dairy farm. He seemed to be circumventing the city ordinance, which prohibited one person keeping more than one cow, by distributing the ownership of the animals among his children. The bad feature about the affair was that the family were casual about letting the cows roam off the premises. They had owned a large ranch in Mexico, before the revolution, and did not understand being confined to four city lots.

"It's too bad. Why don't you go over and see them about it?" I suggested mischlevously, for I knew the Mexicans understood little or no Eng-

"I will," Mrs. Parleigh said decidedly. "I have just cause for complaint." "You surely have," I agreed. "It's the proper thing to do."

Mrs. Farleigh trotted across the street, her anger rising as she went. and pushed the button beside the Mexican's front door.

I was bad enough to take up a point imagined my neighbor had not the Spanish.

The Mexican woman appeared, and old cow has been and et my glory-de-John rose," Mrs. Farleigh shouted.

"Gloria de Juan, senora!" the Mexi-

Juan was her eldest son. "De waun seniora nothing. Your cow, cow, cow," each time she spoke the word, Mrs. Farleigh pointed a finger viciously at the offending animal, which was contentedly ruminating over the flavor of rose bushes near by, kind that used to be!" "your cow has been et my glory-de

John rose." The Mexican woman was clearly puzzled. "La vaca gloria de Juan! No, no. Ordena la vaca."

"Can't you savvy English?" Mrs. Farleigh asked indignantly. "No hable ingles."

"You have no English, eh?" Mrs Farleigh resorted to pigeon English. Tapping the Mexican woman on the chest with a finger, Mrs. Farleigh demanded: "You no savvy?"

"No ваbе." "For the land's sake. And I've been and left my housework to come over porting of the entire family, but at here and give you a bit of my mind." one time even that dewn-trodden mem- The humor of the situation dawned on ber happened not to have any position. Mrs. Farleigh. She placed her hands

The Mexican woman stared in astonishment; then she caught the infection, and joined in the laugh. There, have!" cried Jim, throwing out his chest with pride. "My brother has on the Mexican's porch, the two womthe other in her hilariousness. After a time, they became week-kneed from the effort, and sat on the top step and continued to laugh, wiping the tears that ran down their cheeks with the corners of their aprons. They had found a common language.

Royal Talent.

American women who consider themselves well educated will be silenced by a recital of the accomplishalthough it is doubtful whether she's much better informed than other royal consorts.

She speaks English, French, Spanish and Italian; is a good planist and would attract, Mrs. Lovewell might also plays both guitar and harp. She is able to play duets with her husband at concerts and has both composed and written words for children's songe. She also is quite an artist, and had come into view here, Those presbefore the birth of her little daughter was a famous pedestrian. How many American women can

ompare with this list?

Helping Other Girls. Sixteen hundred girls in New York, under the name of Girls' Protective league, are now working together in New York to help save other girls, It is believed that lack of fun and recreation are responsible to a great extent for the misfortunes of one kind or another that befall girls.

New Source of Ivery. French scientists have found a new source of vegetable ivory in the albuing in the French Sudan.

Youth Fails to Warble and Lands in Lockup

NEW YORK.—When James Smith, eighteen years old, of 19 Mechanic street, New Rochelle, was sentenced to 60 days in prison for petty larceny by Justices O'Keefe, Herrman and Salmon in special sessions he said he had

for the first time in his recollection. Recently his father, who is a postman, took him to task for not being a church attendant. "Son," said the elder Smith, down to next to nothing!" you're going to the bad. Go to

church instead. You'll never get ahead in this world until you do." So on the last Sunday in March

James joined the faithful who went into the mission at 35 West One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street. Rev. Richard Bolden was holding forth on the beauty of a righteous life. Deeply

touched, James knelt with the others in prayer. While he was wiping away the moisture from his eyes his glance was caught by the minister's hat and coat in an ante-room. Remembering his father's remark about getting along in this world by

going to church, James tiptoed softly to the garments. On his way out three overcoats found their way across his arm. James walked sanctimoniously away until he reached One Hundred and Thirty-first

street and Madison avenue. There he was stopped by Patrolman Hart, who noticed a sheaf of sacred music protruding from the coat that belonged to the minister.

"Stop!" said the policeman. "Where are you going?" "To church," answered James. "I sing in the choir." "But what are you doing with those coats?"

"Taking them to give away to the poor." The policeman fingered them suspiciously and then he looked more

closely at the music. "This music is in Latin," he exclaimed. "Can you sing it?" "Sure," replied James, who knew several Italians.

"Then sing it now," ordered the policeman. James was reluctant, declaring he was not accustomed to singing Latin on street corners. At length he yielded to urgent prompting. The policeman listened as long as he could. "That'll do," he said finally. "You'd better come along to the station-

house and resign from the choir.' Perhaps they will ask him to sing at the prison chapel.

No More-Fur on Upper Lips; Barber's Swan Song

C HICAGO.—"In the course of a few years," sighed C. Albert Bucks, Chicago's most veteran barber, the other day, "whiskers will be as extinct had better let me show you how stunas the American buffalo. And so will barbers. Whiskers are disappearing, ning you'll look in it. and they are very seldom to be met.

kers in the early '70s which a barber of today wouldn't understand." Mr. Bucks has been cutting whiskers since the year 1869, and this is

even in a barber shop. I cut whis-

his official swan song. "Look," said he, indicating the beardless face of a youthful customer in the chair beneath him. "Once the American youth was a fur-bearing animal, as luxurious on the face as the German, Spaniard or the Alaskan

yak. He used to wear whiskers all over, and few faces in those happy days were complete without at least one set of trimmings." "Have a shampoo?" inquired Barber Bucks, as his youthful customer

straightened out in his chair. The shampoo being spurned, Mr. Bucks continued in a more melancholy strain: "In those happy days a barber had to be an artist. There were whiskers year—on the top shelf—and those

and whiskers; some grew sideways, some up and down and some on the blouses that everyone always returned bias. To cut whiskers then required such skill which few barbers own nowadays." "Will you maybe have your hair singed?" inquired Barber Bucks of the

youthful customer.

"I will not," answered the youthful customer, promptly, "A young man then was as proud of his whiskers as of his wife. He used to come to his barber every day to have them treated scientifically. can woman exclaimed, in surprise. He used to brush his bair from the back out and make it stick from his

forehead like this" (illustrating). "But as the years passed I noticed that this was a bad climate for whiskers. They didn't seem to grow good. A man coming over from the old country with a beautiful crop would lose them in three or four years. Nowadays a young man comes in here once in awhile with a dinky mustache as large as your littlest finger and wants it fixed up. Ach, to think of the

Peaceful Married Man Was Almost Shanghaied

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The papers had just been coming out with big evening headlines of reports of the taking of Vera Cruz. A certain citizen Perfect with your tailor suit! I'll put of the neighborhood of Seventeenth street and Susquehanna avenue was this with the purple chiffon and the



going home along Broad street from Bulgarian dress. You would regret it Columbia avenue about nine o'clock in to the last day of your life if you let

As the enthusiastic citizen reached there—and it will be perfect! the south corner of the Second regithe crowd a husky lad in state blue

grabbed the citizen by the arm. "Come on in!" he shouted. "The regiment needs men!" The enthusiastic citizen dragged back. "Men?" shouted he, in turn. You're crazy. I got a wife and child."

"Well, that don't disqualify you," argued the guardsman. And then he coaxed: "Ah, come on in, sport. Your country needs you. Ain't you got no patriotism?" The man from Seventeenth and Susquehanna took wild umbrage at this.

can lick the man who says I ain't patriotic!" says he. "But I'm a married man! And I don't stand for no shanghai-ing!" The married man indignantly wended his way along Susquehanna ave-

nue home. "Well, what do you know about that?" he growled, under his diminutive mustache. "Shanghai-ing! On a respectable uptown streetrespectable uptown people! Say, what do you know about that?"

Woman at Ball in Pantalets Causes Sensation

ments of the new queen of Albania, ments of the new queen of Albania, pantalets in the Back Bay. They were worn by Mrs. Liontine Lovewell at the ball of the Massachusetts Federation of Progressive Women at the Copley-Plaza. Had she but known how much attention her new gown

> not have worn it, she said. Skirts with the pantalet effect have been seen in Boston, but it was the first time a garment of this kind ent gazed at it almost continuously throughout the evening. Some women were simply dumfounded. Others said it was not so bad, and added that they

may later adopt the style. The men liked it. Among those most interested was ex-Mayor John F. Fitzgerald. The new gown, which Mrs. Lovewell brought here from New York, is really a beauty. The skirt is pink crepe with a liberal slit in front. On the skirt are brown maline flowers, which add much to its loveliness. The waist is ecru lace with morning glory trimmings. The Parisian pantalets are of pink crepe de chine down to the knees and ecru accordion

plaited lace below, held in about the ankle with French rosebuds. Mrs. Lovewell were slippers of pink and white satin brocade, with handpainted neels backed with rhinestones and the same kind of bucktes. She also were a dance cap of gold lace thread topped with pink resebuds. There was no petticont.

generally worn at society events in Boston," said Mrs. Lovewell. "It, most comfortable dress I ever have worn and I do not consider it men of the trult of a small palm grow- trame. It cannot be said to be immedest. "There is nothing like it for the tango or maxize," she added.

"I see no reason why the pantalet gown should not come to

THAT GENTLE ART

By GENE MORRIS.

****************** "I don't know how you feel about it, Mame," said the tall, willowy creature in the clinging black gown, "but unless trade in this shop picks up it's me to look for another place! The way Madame Cerise's business has slumped since folks went away for the summer is a caution.

"Look at the way we're stacked up with these here just from Paris glares that nobody would buy after they been led to steal by going to church | caught their breath and saw how awful they were! You'd think it was Philadelphia the way the women insisted on quiet little things just before the season closed! And these things marked

"It's flerce!" agreed the other willowy creature in black. "I bet that's a customer-the one looking in at the window."

"You leave her to me!" hissed the first speaker, hastily patting her hair and straightening up. "My land! She's a find! She came in from Persimmon Center with her husband, who brought in a carload of live stock and he's given her a pocketful to spend so's she can go back and give the town a jolt!

could tell it a mile off! "Good morning!" she broke off to murmur in velvet tones. "Is there

something I can do for you? "Oh, yes, you were just looking around. I see. We are always glad to have people come in whether they buy All pains, aches, fears and dreads are or not. That Bulgarian dress in the window? Do you know, you certainly have an eye for style, to pick out something like that, which is the very latest thing-we just unpacked it this morning. The shipment was delayed and it is a little beyond the season, so it is marked down awfully low. along with everything else.

"Only \$22, and a month ago we'd have got fifty for it. Why, it is the very best material, madam, I assure you. This ratine is so stylish, but if it is new to you, of course, it does remind you of a thin bath towel. I sold six dresses on this order to a stylish customer the other day. She has a big summer home at Lake Geneva, and I

"Mame, did you ever? It might have been made for her-see how it fits! Oh, my, no; you wouldn't want to take it in-everything is loose and baggy this year. You'll get used to it. Goodness, no! You wouldn't want to take off that collar and sash! You're not a bit too old for such bright colors! That's really a joke when you can't be more than twenty-well, you don't look it. I'm sure you wouldn't make a mistake in taking this.

"All right. I'll lay it aside for you. want to show you something special that we keep for our best trade. Just

a minute! "Mame, for goodness' sake, rustle out those chiffon things we've had a because something was wrong with the

cut-under those boxes! thing prettier for a tea party or a meeting of the Literary club-oh, I can tell when a woman is progressive just by looking at her! This chiffon will wear like iron and see how it's draped! Everything is so clinging, you know, and you have just the figure for

"Doesn't she look sweet in this purple, Mame? The touch of pink and yellow around the neck just sets off her complexion. Oh, my, this isn't low neck-women wear blouses on the street nearly as low as this. By the way, Mame, bring me some of those new blouses-I want her to see them.

"Isn't this dainty? And only \$10. the evening. He was full of war such bargains slip! You can just take the blouse in here—and let it out a bit

"Did you notice these hats? Aren't ment armory, at Broad and Diamond, they dears? Marked down two-thirds, he noticed a crowd about the doorway | madam! I suppose that orange quill in the middle of the building. He sped sticking up does seem odd to you, but up to see what was the excitement. our very best people are wearing them. As he shouldered his way through Maybe you prefer this light blue canoe shape with the orange feathers in the back-doesn't that give her style, Mame?

"Oh, you must have it! It is such a pleasure to get hold of a customer that fashionable things become as they do you! Now, if you will give me the hotol address thank you! Ninety-one dollars and fifty cents! You certainly have some bargains! Good morning! "Catch me, Mame! I'm going to faint! What do you think of really selling all that junk? Come along-I'm going to strike Mme. Cerise for more pay!"

Flattering to Lawyers.

man who has been the means of send- gans have naturally to carry. This ing hundreds of Irish boys and girls often means a nervous breakdown. back to the green isle for a visit to the old folks, says that in the ancient lady, "I had quite a serious nervous city of Cork there is a street named breakdown caused, as I believed, by Hell. During a recent sojourn in Cork overwork and worry. I also suffered he was amused by coming upon the untold misery from dyspepsia. following notice:

APARTMENTS TO LET IN HELL: SUITABLE TO LAWYERS.

but I will agree with the landlord that nerves and brain. as a headquarters for the legal profession it is not only suitable but appro priate."

Plan is Abandoned.

The plan for assisting with prizes work along the lines of science of art that was contemplated by leaders in the general federation has been abandoned. There seemed to be some misapprehension as to the real object of the plan, which was entirely altruistic; put new life into me, built up my and so it was given up.

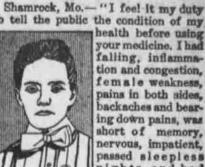
On and Off.

Save when you're young—then,' when you find yourself well on, you'll also find yourself well off J. D.

Rockefuller.

REMARKABLE CASE of Mrs. HAM

Declares Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her Life and Sanity.



to tell the public the condition of my health before using your medicine. I had falling, inflammation and congestion. female weakness, pains in both sides, backaches and bearing down pains, was short of memory, nervous, impatient, passed sleepless nights, and had

neither strength nor

weak spells, hot flashes over my body. I had a place in my right side that was so sore that I could hardly bear the weight of my clothes. I tried medicines and doctors, but they did me little good, and I never expected to get out again. I got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and I certainly would have been in grave or in an asylum if your medicines had not saved me. But now I can work all day, sleep well at night, eat anything I want, have no hot flashes or weak, nervous spells. gone, my house, children and husband are no longer neglected, as I am almost entirely free of the bad symptoms I had before taking your remedies, and all is pleasure and happiness in my home."-Mrs. Josie Ham, R. F. D. 1, Box 22,

energy. There was always a fear and

dread in my mind, I had cold, nervous,

Shamrock, Missouri. If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

SELDOM SEE a big knee like this, but your horse may have a bunch or bruise on his Ankle, Hock, Stiffe, Knee or Throat. BSORBINE TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

will clean it off without laying the horse up. No blister, no hair gone. Concentrated—only a few drops required at an application. \$2 per bottle delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book 8 K free. ABSORBINE, JR., antiseptic liniment for mankind. Reduces Painful Sweifings. En-larged Glands, Goitrs, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins, Varicosities, Old Sores. Allays Pain. Price \$1 and \$2 a

Sottle at druggists or delivered. Manufactured only by W.F.YOUNG, P. D. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass. FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS THERAPION

Pettit's Eye Salve

Better a hair in the scalp than two in the brush.

ut—under those boxes!
"Now, here! Did you ever see anygood grocers. Adv.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes, use Red Cross Ball Blue. At all good grocers. Adv.

Bugology. Teacher-Tommy, what do 100 centimeters make? Tommy-I know-a centipede.

Apt Suggestion. "Jim does some tall lying in his

stories. "Then why not cut him short?" Worked Poorly.

"We thought this year we'd rather

move than clean house." "Great scheme!" "Unfortunately the same idea had occurred to the people who vacated the house we moved into."

Quick Sightseeing.

Fifty days for a trip around the world is declared by J. H. Mears, the globe-girdler, to be sufficient for a quick sightseer. This would give the tripper two days for sightseeing in London, two in Paris, two in Berlin, two in St. Petersburg and six by Japan. "And this," says Mr. Mears, "shows what I think of Japan."

Of Two Dangers. Mollie-And you would kiss a lady's hand?

Chollie-Oh, yes. "But I should think there would be more chance of microbes on the hand than on the mouth?"

"Possibly." "Then of two evils I should think you would choose the lesser."

DID THE WORK Grew Strong on Right Food. You can't grow strong by merely ex-

ercising. You must have food-the kind you can digest and assimilate. Unless the food you eat is digested Francis J. Kilkenny, Chicago Irish it adds to the burden the digestive or-"About a year ago," writes a Mass.

> "First I gave up my position, then I tried to find a remedy for my troubles,

something that would make me well "Despite its name," says Mr. Kil- and strong, something to rest my tired kenny, "the place is rather attractive; stomach and build up my worn-out

"I tried one kind of medicine after another, but nothing seemed to help

"Finally a friend suggested change of food and recommended Grape-Nuts. With little or no faith in it, I tried a package. That was eight months ago and I have never been without it

"Grape-Nuts did the work. It helped me grow strong and well. Grape-Nuts whole system and made another woman of me!"

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Rea-